

WEEKLY

OR, LADIES'



"To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
"To raise the genius, and to mend the heart."

VISITOR;

MISCELLANY.

[VOL. IV.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1806.

No. 38.]

EFFECT OF CALUMNY.

(Concluded.)

THE Count had been two months at Paris, without making any attempt to divert his melancholy; he saw nobody but his own family, and occupied himself only with thinking of his misfortune, about which, he kept a profound silence, when one day, that he was absorbed in sorrow, they announced the Marquis d'Olincourt, one of his relations, who had been lately married at Bourdeaux, and who came to present to him his wife. The Count made the greatest efforts to hide the profound sorrow which had taken possession of his soul; and, on their asking to see the Countess, he contented himself with saying she was in the country. On observing the bride, he thought her features were not unknown to him, and he continued trying to recollect where he had seen her. She perceived the embarrassment he was in; and, after amusing herself some time, "I see your perplexity," said she: "you did not expect to find in me the Chevalier de Castro!" The Marchioness was, in reality, the pretended Chevalier, whose name brought him to the Count's memory; but yet he could not conceive this metamorphosis, till the lady had acquainted him with her story. When scarcely twenty-two years of age, she had become a widow, and mistress of an ample fortune. The Marquis d'Olincourt, who was then at Bourdeaux, found the means to please her, and to engage her to form new bonds;

but as it was necessary, for the sake of decorum, to leave a longer interval between the death of her husband, and her marriage with the Marquis, it was agreed that he should spend the time in making a journey to Paris, where his presence was indispensable, for the arrangement of his affairs. After his departure, the relations of the lady, disapproving this second marriage, resolved to profit by his absence, and ruin him in the mind of his mistress. They spoke of him in the most injurious terms; they sought to disparage his birth, to blemish his reputation; and every day anonymous letters, addressed to the lady, charged the unfortunate Marquis with some new crime; and they finished, by informing her, that he passed his time at Paris, in sacrificing her to the most contemptible rivals. The young widow, who had had sufficient strength of mind to disregard all the other crimes they had laid upon her unfortunate lover, was struck with this last information. She was lively and impetuous; and the idea of perfidy, such as they had imputed to the Marquis, made her shudder: but she had too much justice to decide against him, before she was well assured of the truth; and she wished to owe to herself alone, an *eclaircissement*, on which, depended the happiness of her life. After having, therefore, left the care of her house to an old governess, who was in her confidence, she left Bourdeaux, accompanied by a female servant; and as soon as she arrived at Paris, she assumed male attire, that she might the bet-

ter observe her lover, and free herself from the strict decorum which a woman is obliged to maintain. She placed so many spies about the Marquis, that he could not take a step of which she was not informed: she had even found means to know what passed in the interior of his house; but, happily for him, his conduct was irreproachable; and thus all the inquiries of his charming widow did but augment the esteem she had for him. As soon as she was well assured of his worth, she informed him that a gentleman wished to converse with him on a subject of the greatest importance. The Marquis went directly to the place she had appointed; but, although she tried at first to deceive him, by a story she had invented, he knew her immediately, in spite of her disguise. She then told him the reasons which had induced her to assume it, and did not conceal from him the effect which her inquiries had produced. The happy Marquis employed the most tender expressions to testify his gratitude, in fact, he had great obligations to her. How many, imposed upon, by a false report, persecute virtue, without having taken the least step to develop the truth! As the lady wished to remain some time longer at Paris, and to continue *incognito*, the Marquis advised her to preserve the dress she had taken; and it was he who introduced her, under the name of the Chevalier de Castro, at Count d'Orval's.

It is easy to conceive the astonishment of the Count at this recital. He shed, at

the same time, tears of joy and grief. On the one side he saw the innocence of his wife; but on the other, he had to reproach himself with all the afflictions she had endured. The Marquis and his lady, perceiving his trouble, he ingenuously owned to them the cause of it. The Marchioness was inconsolable for having been the innocent cause of so unjust a persecution; and, after having expressed her regret, it was agreed that they should all three go together to deliver their noble prisoner. They departed the next morning, and arrived in the evening at the castle, where the unfortunate Countess was, whom they found in the most deplorable state. Notwithstanding her courage, she had not had strength to support the horrors of her situation; and life had become a heavy burden, from which, she wished to be speedily delivered. For near a month she had scarcely taken any nourishment, she was become so weak that her voice was hardly audible: her eyes, continually drowned in tears, had lost all their lustre; and the death-like paleness of her countenance, seemed to announce that the end of her life and her misfortunes were at hand. When her husband presented himself before her, she knew not what to think of a visit so little expected: she feared that he came only to increase the rigour of her treatment; and she conjured him, calling Heaven to witness her innocence, to spare to her at least, her dear son, whom she held pressed to her bosom: but the Count, penetrated with confusion, sorrow, and love, threw himself at her feet, and would not rise till she had promised to forget his injustice, and restore to him her heart. Elmira had too generous a soul to resist these marks of sincere repentance: she collected the little strength that remained, to embrace her husband, and present to him her son, whom he loaded with the most tender caresses. The first care of Elmira was to inform herself of the reasons which had induced her husband to treat her with so much unkindness. To satisfy her, he related in brief, the history of the pretended Chevalier, who entered soon after with the Marquis, and they were sincerely grieved at the sad state in which they found the Countess: but, although she had approached so near to the gates of death, her health was insensibly re-established by the pains the Count took to obliterate the remembrance of the afflictions he had caused her to endure. The report of this adventure being spread abroad,

the contemptible Alcestes became the talk of the public, and the detestation of honest men: he was obliged to retire into the country, to escape the reproaches he had to sustain, and which he had not as much courage to support, as he before had baseness to deserve them.



SELECTIONS,

AND ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.



[The following remarks are from the pen of the erudite editor of the Port Folio.]

MR. J. Osborn, of the city of New-York, who is not a mere bookseller, but a man of letters, and taste, has lately done excellent service to the cause of pure morals, and elegant literature, by republishing a work which has recently appeared in England, entitled "The Fashionable World Displayed." This little volume, which, in a very brief period, run through five editions, appeared first under the fictitious name of *Theophilus Christian*, but it now presents us with the real name of the author, John Owen, who, whether we regard the moral or the literary merit of his book, had no sufficient cause for concealment; for "he is armed so strong in honesty," that he may come out with the confidence of a champion. The dedication to the most accomplished and exemplary prelate in the British empire, is so justly, and so elegantly expressed, that we will transcribe it for the admiration of the reader. "To the right reverend Beilby Proteus, D. D. Lord Bishop of London, not more distinguished by his eloquence as a preacher, his vigilance as a prelate, his sanctity as a christian, and his various accomplishments as a scholar and a man, than by his indefatigable exertions to detect the errors, rebuke the follies, and reform the vices of the Fashionable World, the following attempt to benefit that part of society, by means too frequently employed to corrupt it, is respectfully inscribed," &c.

The style of this work is a continued irony, and is as successful a specimen of that figure, as has appeared since the publication of Dean Swift's admirable "Argument against abolishing Christianity." In the guise of a sort of geographical treatise, it describes the situation, boundaries, climate, seasons, government,

laws, religion, and morality, education, manners, language, dress, and amusements, of the Fashionable World. Though this Fashionable World is limited to the west end of London, and though, therefore, much of the satire is local, still there are numerous passages that, in the phrase of Almanac makers, may serve without any essential variation, for the 'meridian of the United States.'

To give the reader an idea of the entertainment he may expect from this volume, we shall transcribe a passage or two, in which the writer's correct sentiments and playful style, are very well displayed:

"The individuals who compose the Fashionable World, are not absolute wanderers, like the tribes of Arabia nor are they regular settlers, like the convicts at Botany Bay; but moveable and migratory in a certain degree, and to a certain degree permanent and stationary, they live among the inhabitants of the parent country, neither absolutely with them, nor yet actually separated from them.

"This paradoxical state of the people renders it not a little difficult to reduce their territory within the rules of geographical description. They have, it is true, their *degrees* and their *circles*; but these terms are used by people of Fashion in a sense so different from that which geographers have assigned them, that they afford no sort of assistance to the topographical inquirer. It is, I presume, on this account, that in all the improvements which have been made upon the globe, nothing has been done towards settling the meridian of Fashion; and though the Laplanders, the Hottentots, and the Esquimaux, have places assigned them, no more notice is taken of the people of Fashion, than if they either did not exist, or were not worthy of being mentioned.

"The only expedient, therefore, to which a writer can resort, in this dearth of geographical materials, is that of designating the territory of Fashion by the extraordinary names of those places through which it passes. And this is, in fact, strictly conformable to that usage which prevails in the language and communication of the people themselves: for London, Tunbridge, Bath, Weymouth, &c. are, in their mouths, names for little else than the lands and societies of Fashion, which they respectively contain.

"Now, the portion of each place to which Fashion lays claim, is neither definitive as to its dimensions, nor fixed as to its locality. In London, a small proportion of the whole, is Fashionable; in Bath, the proportion is greater; and in some watering-places of the latest creation, Fashion puts in her demand for the whole. The locality of its domains is also contingent and mutable. Various circumstances concur in determining, when a portion of ground shall become Fashionable, and when it shall cease to be as such. The only rule of any steadiness with which I am acquainted, and which chiefly relates to the metropolis, is that which prescribes a *western* latitude: * if this be expected, (which indeed admits of no relaxation) events of very little moment decide all the rest. If, for example, a duchess, or the wife of some bourgeois-gentil-homme, who has purchased the privileges of the order, should open a suite of rooms for elegant society in any new quarter, the soil is considered to receive a sort of consecration by such a circumstance; and an indefinite portion of the vicinity is added to the territory of Fashion. If, on the other hand, a shop be opened, a sign hung out, or any symptom of business be shewn, in a quarter that has hitherto been a stranger to every sound but the rattling of carriages, the thunder of knockers, the vociferation of coaches and servants, it is ten to one but the privileges of Fashion are withdrawn from that place; and the whole range of buildings is gradually given up to those who are either needy enough to keep shops, or vulgar enough to endure them. Now, it happens as a consequence from this adoption of new soil, and disfranchisement of old, that the territory of Fashion is extremely irregular and interrupted. A traveller, determined to pursue its windings, would soon be involved in a most mysterious labyrinth; his track would be crossed by portions of country which throw him repeatedly out of his beat: insomuch that his progress would resemble that of a naturalist, who, in tracing the course of a mineral through the bowels of the earth encounters various breaks and intersections, and often finds the corresponding parts of the same stratum, unaccountably separated from each other.

* For the geographical solecism of "a western latitude," the author has only to plead that the people of whom he treats, acknowledge no points of the compass but those of *east* and *west*, and that the term longitude, has scarcely any place in their language.

(Further extracts in our next.)

IMAGINATION.

Believe me, sage sir, you have not sufficient respect for the imagination. I could prove to you in a trice, that it is the mother of sentiment, the great distinction of our nature, the only purifier of the passions—animals have a portion of reason, and equal, if not more exquisite senses; but no trace of imagination, or her offspring, taste, appears in any of their actions. The impulse of the senses, passions, if you will, and the conclusions of reason, draw men together; but the imagination is the true fire, stolen from heaven, to animate this cold creature of clay, producing all those fine sympathies, that lead to rapture, rendering men social by expanding their hearts, instead of leaving them leisure to calculate how many comforts society affords.

Mary. Wollstonecraft.

[The following severe remarks on the state of the English stage, extracted from a late London paper, shew that the mania for baby actors, and terrific drama's has almost ceased.] EMERALD.

There never was a dramatic era, if era it can be called, more abundant in nonsense, and therefore more disgusting to criticism, than the present. A critic must endure either the melo-drama of Mr. Cherry, which sets all history at defiance, or the gigantic sublimities of master Betty, which defy all reason. He enters the theatre hopelessly, he views the audience piteously, he sees the representation yawningly. He contemplates with a sigh of regret, the stage that has exhibited the humour of a King, the pathos of a Barry, and the electric universality of a Garrick; a stage that still possesses the plays of Shakespeare, and the judgment of Kemble, and yet does nothing with either. We must wait till next week for more interesting subjects of criticism. Yet what can we expect when Mr. Lewis threatens us with a new tragedy, and master Betty with a new character.

IMPROMPTU.

PRAY what is master BETTY like,
Who thus the gaping crowd can strike?
He's like another tiny thing—
A watch upon a finger ring.
And though indeed, full well we know
All larger watches better go;
Yet as the toy's so light and small,
We wonder that it goes at all.

DESCRIPTION OF A WIFE,

BY RICHARD CUMBERLAND, ESQ.

WELL—God's will be done—I must bear it with christian patience; *Mors, omnibus, communis.*

Here the husband took out his handkerchief, in conformity with custom, on such occasions, and applied it to his eyes, where if there had been a tear, no doubt the aforesaid handkerchief would have done its duty, and disposed of it. To be sure (said he) she had her failings, and who has not, but custom familiarized me to them. She certainly made some trips in point of fidelity to my bed, but then she was over partial to the brandy bottle, and that accounts for her incontinence you know very naturally. She was a little over righteous, it must be owned, and saddled me with the saints rather more than was agreeable, but then her religion was mere hypocrisy, so that I could not quarrel with her on that account; she was something of a termegant, I cannot deny—told a pretty many untruths, and bred a pretty many disturbances in my family, but then she did the same by all her neighbours as by me, so that I had no cause in particular, to complain of her, and, upon the whole, have as much reason to lament the loss of my wife, as generally falls to any man's share.

BUFFON,

Notwithstanding all his *benevolent* philosophy, can scarcely speak with patience of his enemies, the *field-mice*, who, when he was trying experiments upon the culture of forest trees, tormented him perpetually by their insatiable love of acorns. 'I was terrified,' says he, "at the discovery of half a bushel, and often a whole bushel of acorns, in each of the holes inhabited by these little animals; they had collected these acorns for their winter provision." The philosopher gave orders immediately for the erection of great numbers of traps, and snares, baited with broiled nuts; in less than three weeks nearly three hundred field mice were killed or taken prisoners. Mankind are obliged to carry on a defensive war with the animal world. "Eat, or be eaten," says Dr. Darwin, "is the great law of nature." It is fortunate, however, for us, that there are butchers by profession in the world, and rat catchers and cats, otherwise our habits of benevolence and sympathy would be utterly destroyed.

THE JEALOUS MAN.

[A Picture truly coloured.]

THE jealous man is a melancholy hecat—a wild man—a starting man; looks behind him as if a kennel of hounds had him in chase. He sighs, beats his breast, and wrings his hands. Is his wife fair? though ever so honest, she is false. Is she witty? then she is wanton. Speaks any friend to her? he woos her. Smiles she on him? there is a promise. Is she merry at home? it is but to mock him. Is she sad? she will anon be merry abroad. Is she gone far from home? then his head aches, and his heart pants. Stays she out long? then he is raving indeed, and runs bellowing like a bull, up and down to find her.

His body grows lean with fretting—his face pale with his fears. His goods melt away by his carelessness. Old age claps him on the shoulders, while he is yet young; and his head grows white, before it is old. His children he will not love, because he suspects they are not his own. He is never merry at heart, never sleeps soundly; never sits, but sighs; never walks, but is distracted; and dies in despair to leave her to any other.

THE GENEROUS COMMANDER.

THE imperial general Montecuculi, had commanded under pain of death, that no person should pass through the corn-fields. A soldier returning from a village, and ignorant of the prohibition, took a path that led across the fields.—Montecuculi, who perceived his violation of military discipline, sentenced him to be hanged, and dispatched the necessary orders to the provost of the army. The soldier, however, continuing to approach his general, alledged his entire ignorance of the prohibition. "Let the provost do his duty," said Montecuculi. The soldier, whom they had not yet thought of disarming, was enraged and desperate at this injustice and inflexibility. "I have not been guilty," he exclaimed, "but now I am!" and instantly fired his piece at Montecuculi. He happily missed his aim; but this great man allowing for the feelings of a brave soldier, pardoned him on the spot.

[A writer in the "Monthly Register and Review of the United States," speaking of Mr. Cooper, says,]

"It has been the habit of most people to compare this gentleman with Mr. Hodgkinson. In our mind they were so very different in their departments, that the cases are but very few, in which the slightest comparison could fairly be made between them. One might praise each for ever, without injury to the other. The universality of Hodgkinson's powers was his chief praise. Mr. Cooper's walk is narrow, but in it he has few competitors; and, in some parts of it, is not exceeded by any man. We are fearless of this assertion being controverted; and will rest, for the truth of it, on *Macbeth* alone, his performance of which is deserving of a very long and strict analysis. Nature husbands her gifts so carefully, that were equality appears in all the parts of any object, supreme excellence is rarely seen; where beauties are found, they are generally mixed with some considerable alloy. Of all the actors we have ever seen, Mr. Mossop was that one whom Mr. Cooper in this respect most resembles. With him when it was not a blaze, it was a cloud. No man, not even Garrick, ever equalled his beauties: but his defects were great. The beauties, however, were so far superior in number to the defects, and in quality to the excellencies of all others that he obtained from the greatest critic of the day the title of "*the tragedy sheet anchor*," and we yet recollect, that though perhaps strict critical taste would have preferred more equal playing, upon an inferior level, his whole performance derived wonderful lustre from the inequalities, which in his acting had an effect similar to that produced by the *chiaro scuro* in painting. In *Macbeth* Mr. Cooper several times brought that great actor to our mind.—His dagger scene was a piece of unparalleled beauty; he rose above himself in it. In the scene after returning from the chamber where he had murdered the king, he was as much below himself. In the banquet scene, he was truly great, and in one or two points took a high flight. In that with the witches in the pit of Acheron, he again fell to the ground. In his first address

"How now ye secret, black, and midnight hags;
"What 't' ye do?"

and in that wonderful speech that follows it, he exhibited none of those feelings

that a man in his state, addressing such personages, and being in such a place, must be supposed to have felt. All the fifth act he performed truly to admiration. So that with the few defects, and the very many exquisite beauties he exhibited during the performance, we do not hesitate to place him in *Macbeth* very high indeed upon the first form of his profession."

"In *Leon*, too, Mr. Cooper was inimitably great. Perhaps this is the only character in which the scales were balanced between him and Hodgkinson. We know that some will be startled at our opinion upon that subject—but we are firmly persuaded that the part in which he took the lead of Hodgkinson in *Leon*, was that in which he might have been least expected to do so—we mean the comic part in which he was not so broadly humorous, and being therefore more chaste and natural than Hodgkinson, was superior to him. In the subsequent part Hodgkinson was at least his full match."

• We could not see without admiration, the astonishing increase, even of her powers, which Mrs. Whitlock seemed to derive in some characters from Mr. Cooper's acting. In *Lady Macbeth* she appeared to have caught fresh fire from the splendid blaze of his performance of the Thane. After having seen six of the greatest *Macbeths*, and the greatest *Lady Macbeths* that ever lived, Mrs. Siddons, we scruple not to declare, that we never have seen the fifth scene of the first act better performed than by Mr. Cooper and Mrs. Whitlock.

[The following descriptive, and pathetic relation, cannot fail, we think, to interest the reader, of either sex.]

• • • "BUT she is dead now, Sir," said my kindly conductor, "and lies in that turf-covered grave, so neatly kept, where the pale primrose is purposely planted by her village friends, as an emblem of the purity of her innocence, ere the heated hand of intemperance destroyed the lovely blossom!"

Here a tear of tender sorrow gracefully trickled down the furrowed face of the aged man.

"Ah! Sir," he resumed, "it was a piteous sight to behold poor Emily, once

so gay and animated, wandering about, sometimes with dishevelled hair, at others plaited with the wild briar rose, or any simple flower Nature offered to her hand; whilst the vacant gaze of her azure eye, but too plainly told the thoughtful traveller's heart, that sense no longer swayed her mind.

"Never can I forget the day which ended the sufferer's sorrow. Excuse an old man's tears; for my heart is now grown weak, and cannot resist a tribute of grief to the poor maniac's memory: on that sad day, heavily howled the wintry storm, and fast fell the snow on Emily's bosom, which there melted away in a tear of envy, to find itself outvied in whiteness by her beauteous breast! Unheeding, she passed on, "with solemn step, and slow," and her lingering footsteps led her, she knew not whither: the night closed in awful terrors round her; a long and desolate wild extended far on every side;

"No gladsome taper gleam'd upon her way,

"Nor moon, nor stars, sent forth one friendly ray."

She found no path that pointed to her home; though, alas! had she met with one, her distracted imagination would probably have led her from it. Soon she felt the grasp of death; in chilly coldness he threw his arms around her:

"Her sinking form, the snows divide;"

and with one heart-bursting sigh, she uttered her seducer's name, and ended her earthly existence."

Here I felt the sympathising tear drop, bursting from my own eye: I tried not to check it, but but let the tribute of woe, fall on her grass-grown grave." My soul seemed bettered by the effusion, and, in chastening grief I exclaimed, "Peace to thy memory, hapless fair one! Seduction's cruel, base and undermining arts lured thee to destruction; a moment of confidence led the way to hours of endless misery; thy yet untainted mind sunk under its accumulated load; madness usurped the throne of reason, till death, with untimely power, hurried thee to the tomb, while thy detested seducer smiled in triumph."

Unmanly, and ungenerous, exultation! Where, let me ask, is the triumph, in tearing from a virtuous family, its dear-

est and best treasure, a modest female, either to add to the already crowded mass of baneful prostitution, or to perish like poor Emily!

To such a man, or rather, *to such a fiend*, as Emily's seducer, we may say with particular propriety,

"No mother, sister, sure thou hast,

"Or else a pang you must have known,

"More keen than if the lightning's blast

"Had dash'd you lifeless on yon stone."

FOR THE WEEKLY VISITOR.

Mr. Editor,

In perusing an English publication, I met with the following original Letter from Mr. Garrick to the collector of the Customs. I wish you to give it a place in your paper, and you will oblige your constant reader,

S.

DEAR SIR,

NOT Rachael weeping for her children, could shew more sorrow than Mrs. Garrick—not weeping for her children—she has none—nor indeed for her husband; thanks be to the humour of the times, she can be as philosophical upon that subject, as her betters.—What does she weep for, then? Shall I dare tell you? It is—it is for the loss of a chintz bed and curtains.—The tale is short, and is as follows:—I have taken some pains to oblige the gentlemen of Calcutta, by sending them plays, scenes, and other services in my way; in return, they have sent me Madeira, and poor Rachael, the unfortunate chintz. She has had it four years, and upon making some alterations in our little place at Hampton, she intended to shew away with her prohibited present. She had prepared paper chairs, &c. for this favourite token of Indian gratitude. But, alas! all human felicity is frail. No care having been taken on my wife's part, and some treachery being exerted against her, it was seized, the very bed, "by the coarse hands of filthy dungeon villains, and thrown among the common lumber."

If you have the least pity for a distressed female, any regard for her husband, (for he has had a bad time of it) or any wishes the environs of Bushy-Park be made tolerably neat and clean, you may put your finger and thumb to the business, and take the thorn out of Rachael's side.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours,

D. Garrick.

THE DANGER OF IDLENESS IN SOLITUDE.

IDLENESS is truly said to be the root of all evil; and Solitude certainly encourages in the generality of its votaries, this baneful disposition. Nature has so framed the character of man, that his happiness essentially depends on his passions, being properly interested, his imagination busied, and his faculties employed; but these engagements are seldom found in the vacant scenes and tedious hours of retirement from the world, except by those who have acquired the great and happy art of furnishing their own amusements; an art which can never be learnt in the irrational solitude of caves and cells. The idleness which solitude is too apt to induce, is dangerous in proportion to the natural strength, activity, and spirit of the mind; for it is observed that the highest characters are frequently goaded by that restlessness which accompanies leisure, to acts of the wildest outrage, and greatest enormity.

STRANGE VENGEANCE

TAKEN BY A MALAY SLAVE AT THE CAPE, ON HIS DUTCH MASTER.

THE slave having served with great activity and fidelity, for many years, begged for his emancipation. His request was denied. A few days afterwards, he murdered his fellow-labourer, and friend. Being brought before a commission of the court of justice, he acknowledged that the youth whom he had murdered, was his friend, but that the killing him had appeared the most effectual way of being revenged of his master, and better than the killing the master himself because by robbing him of one thousand rix dollars by the loss of the boy, and another thousand by bringing himself to death, the avaricious mind of his master would be for ever tormented for the remainder of his days.

The voluminous commentator, Burman, used to read out a certain number of pipes of tobacco. His countrymen, at the Cape of Good Hope, have adopted the same mode of reckoning time when they flog the Hottentots. The government of Malacca also flog by pipes, and the chief magistrate and his assessors, are the smokers on all such occasions.

WEEKLY VISITOR.

Saturday, July 19.

LONDON CABINET OF FASHION,
FOR APRIL, 1806.

WALKING DRESS.

Straw hat, trimmed with Swandown.
Pelisse of Black Velvet, with a deep Lace
round the bottom. Swandown Tippet.
Half Habit Shirt. Buff Gloves.

FULL DRESS.

Hair fashionably drest; ornamented
with a Silver Wreath. A train of Pink
Muslin; full Sleeves, looped up to the
Shoulder, trimmed round the Bottom and
Bosom with deep Lace; Pic-Nic Sleeves.
White Shoes, Fan, and Ridicule.

London, June the 3d.—By the last ac-
counts received from North America, we
find that our frigates, which cruise off
Sandy Hook, have again given cause of
serious complaint. (alluding to the conduct
of the Leander and Cambrian, in the murder
of Pearce.) We still doubt the cor-
rectness of all the reports which are pub-
lished in the American papers. We are
in the meanwhile extremely anxious to
learn what has really passed, as every
Englishman must feel particularly inter-
ested, where the true honour of his coun-
try is at stake; and the report which has
reached us of the murder of Pearce, is
but too well calculated to justify the seri-
ous complaints which have of late been
made by foreign nations, against the con-
duct of our cruisers.

At a court of Oyer and Terminer held
in and for the County of Columbia, last
week, at which his honor Judge Tomp-
kins presided—

BEN, a slave, considerably advanced in
years, was convicted of committing a rape
on the body of an orphan girl of 13.

So artless, so affecting, so conclusive
was the testimony of the unfortunate sub-
ject of this abominable deed, that the
eyes of the court, the bar, the jury, and
the audience, were suffused in tears dur-
ing the shocking relation—a relation, bro-

ken, interrupted, almost stifled by exces-
sive weeping. When the question was
put to the poor girl by the district-attor-
ney, "Have you a mother?" the answer
(for tears only were the answer) struck
the hearers like an electric shock. We
even thought that a spark of humanity,
at this moment, shot across the counte-
nance of the culprit.

The sentence, imprisonment in the
state-prison, at hard labour, for life, made
no visible impression on the obdurate
wretch. The law (too lenient in such a
case as this) has thus fixed the punish-
ment.

A free negro was convicted, by confes-
sion, of burglary, and received the same
sentence. *Ballance.*

[Mungo Park, the celebrated traveller,
has fallen a sacrifice to his spirit of en-
terprise; and by his death the world is
deprived of the benefits of his research.
He and his attendants had ascended the
river Gambia nearly 1600 miles, to a place
called Sego. Here he was conducted
through the town by the Governor; but
afterwards, with his attendants, savagely
murdered.

London, May, 26.—Yesterday morning
a young man of the name of Ope, under-
took, for a wager of ten guineas, to go on
foot from the standard in Cornhill, to
Hyde Park, and return again in thirty six
minutes: the distance is six miles. He
started exactly at five o'clock, and return-
ed back in thirty four minutes and a half,
being one minute and a half less than
the time allowed. He was attended all
the way by two persons on horseback, to
see fair play. Great sums of money
were depending on the issue.

Amongst the projects rather curious
than useful, presented to the society of
Arts, on Tuesday last, was one for weav-
ing spider's web's into Ladies' garters.!

American papers have been received
to the 22d ult. The senate has passed
the Non Importation Bill, by a majority
of 19 to 9; but as this bill is not to be
carried into effect before November, and
it has been agreed to nominate two Ple-
nipotentiaries, Messrs. Monroe and Pinck-
ney, to treat on the pending differences,
we are induced to look with some confi-
dence to a speedy accommodation. The
wise and temperate spirit of our Mini-

sters will of course, be directed to arrest
the further progress of the dispute be-
tween the two countries.

The Trafalgar garters are much worn
by our belles—the motto is well known—
"England expects every man to do his
duty."

June the 5th.—We have received
American papers to the 30th of April,
and we are sorry to find from them that
an unfortunate circumstance has occurred,
which the French party in that country,
will not fail to endeavour to turn to their
own account. Capt. Whitby, of the Le-
ander, endeavouring to compel two Amer-
ican coasters to bring to, unfortunately
one of the guns fired, killed an American
seaman. The body was carried on shore,
exhibited to the populace, and honoured
with a public funeral; the public prints
were put in mourning; and, to complete
the Climax, a bill of indictment for Mur-
der was actually preferred and found by
the Grand Jury of New York, against
capt. Whitby, the commander of the
Leander.

It is worthy of remark, that the passen-
gers who arrived here in the ship Justin,
capt. Gardner, from Newry, had among
them upwards of 22,000 guineas.

Our city inspector reports the death of
39 persons (of whom 14 were men, 8 wo-
men, 11 boys, and 6 girls,) during the
week ending on Saturday last, viz. Of
asthma 1, cholera morbus 2, consumption
5, convulsions 3, debility 1, decay 3, drop-
sy 1, drowned 2, dysentery 1, hectic fever
1, infantile flux 2, hanged 1, (John Banks
for the murder of his wife) bites 2, infla-
mation of the lungs 2, mortification in
the feet 1, rheumatism 1, putrid sore
throat 1, still born 2, sudden death 2,
suicide by hanging 1, whooping cough 1,
and four have been permitted to die of the
small pox, although experience has establish-
ed the efficacy of vaccination as an infallible
preventative.

Correspondence, &c.

We thank 'Eliza' for her third communi-
cation—and regret that it came too late for
this week's paper.

DIED. Mr. Andrew M'Farlane, print-
er, and joint proprietor of the Georgetown
Gazette.

JUST PUBLISHED, PRICE

75 CENTS,

By J. OSBORN, at his Circulating Library, and Book Store, No. 13 Park,

A NEW AND EXCELLENT WORK,
ENTITLED,

"THE FASHIONABLE WORLD
DISPLAYED."

BY THE REV. JOHN OWEN.

DEDICATED TO

The Right Reverend BISHOP PROTEUS,
D. D. Lord Bishop of London.

This very valuable little work, has, within a short period, been five times printed in London, and is thus recommended by the Rev. T. F. Duden, [author of "An Introduction to a knowledge of the best editions of the Greek and Latin Classics"] in his translation of FENELON on the Education of Daughters.

"I recommend the sensible mother, who has really the happiness of her daughters at heart, to peruse and re-peruse the excellent observations on this head which are to be found in a little pamphlet, lately published by the Rev. Mr. OWEN, entitled, 'THE FASHIONABLE WORLD DISPLAYED.'"

July 19 5

A NEW NOVEL.

This Day is Published, by

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LEONORA.

The work is handsomely printed, comprising the two volumes of the English edition.

The popular Tales and other works of Miss Edgeworth, have already gained her the high estimation of the public. She here undertakes a species of writing she had never before attempted. From her present production, her literary reputation derives no inconsiderable accession. The style of this novel possesses a peculiar felicity of diction. It combines vivacity, elegance, and energy; nor is the design entitled to less commendation. This work displays and refutes the Latitudinarian principles which certain pretended philosophers have of late attempted to introduce into the fashionable female world. Few Novels have a stronger tendency to promote correct opinions, and the cause of virtue; none can boast of a style more polished or attractive.

July 19.

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MUSIC SCHOOL.

DR. JACKSON respectfully acquaints his friends and the public, that his School is now open at his house, No. 92 Greenwich-street, on the usual moderate terms of twelve dollars per quarter. Ladies attended at their own houses as usual.

December 14.

A NEW BRITISH THEATRE.

With Biographical and Critical remarks on each play,

BY MRS. INCHBALD.

NOW publishing in London, in numbers of a royal 18mo size, and for sale in New York only, by E. SARGEANT, & Co 39 Wall street, and J. OSBORN 13 Park; who have contracted with the proprietors for a part of the edition... Price thirty seven and a half cents a number.

The first ten numbers have just been received, and the following numbers, which are publishing with great expedition, will be shipped from London by every opportunity.

This work, which will form, beyond all comparison, the best collection of plays extant, will contain every play which keeps possession of the stage; and will include those of Colman, Cumberland, Holcroft, Inchbald, O'Keefe, Morton, Reynolds, and other modern authors, which have never appeared in any similar collection, the copy rights of which, have been purchased for the express purpose of introducing them into the present work. The whole will be printed under the authority of the manager's, from the prompter's copy, exactly as they are performed, and will hence prove a valuable acquisition to persons connected with the American Theatres.

It is intended to comprise the work in twenty-five volumes, each containing five plays, and at its conclusion, will be given title-pages, together with directions for arranging the plays.

The embellishments will be executed in the very best manner, by the first artists in London.

Another edition will shortly be received, (which may be had by such subscribers as prefer it, at sixty-three and a half cents) elegantly printed on superfine paper, with a portrait of the authors for each volume, and proof impressions of both the plays.

Booksellers will be supplied at a liberal discount on the retail prices.

July 19.

TO THE LADIES,

STIEPHE & CAVE,

RESPECTFULLY INFORMS HIS FRIENDS,
AND THE PUBLIC.

That he has commenced LADIES' SHOEMAKING, in all its branches, at No. 28 1/2 Broadway, where may be had SILK, KID, and MORROCCO SHOES, of every description, and of the newest fashion. He hopes by strict attention to all commands in his line, to give satisfaction to those who may feel disposed to encourage a young beginner.

N B Orders in the above line, thankfully received, and strictly attended to.

July 19

3 m.



JOHN JONES,
UMBRELLA AND PARASOL
MAKER,
NO. 29, CHATHAM STREET
NEW-YORK,

INFORMS his friends and the public in general, that he has on hand, of his own make, Silk Umbrellas, and Parasols, warranted fast Colours. Likewise Cotton Umbrellas, superior in quality to any for sale in this city.

Coverings and repairs neatly executed.

N. B. Oiled Silk Hat-Covers, Combs, and Walking-Sticks, for sale as above. Nov. 23.

A HANDSOME ASSORTMENT

OF

TORTOISE-SHELL COMBS,

FOR SALE BY

N. S. SMITH,

CHYMICAL PERFUMER,

From London,

At the New York Hair-Powder and Perfume Manufactory, the ROSE; No. 114, opposite the City Hotel, Broadway



Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash Ball, far superior to any other, for softening, beautifying, and preserving the skin from chopping, with an agreeable perfume, 4 & 8s. each.

Gentlemen's Morocco Pouches for travelling, that adds all the shaving apparatus complete in a small compass.

Odours of Roses for smelling bottles.

Violet and palm Soap, 2s. per square.

Smith's Chymical Blacking Cakes 1s 6d. Almond Powder for the skin, 8s. per lb.

Smith's Carcassia or Antique Oil, for curling, glossing and thickening the Hair, and preventing it from turning grey, 4s. per bottle.

Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft Pomatums, 1s per pot or roll. Doled do 2s.

Smith's improved Chymical Milk of Roses, so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples; redness, or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving, with printed directions... 6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or 3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair, and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His superfine white Hair-Powder, 1s per lb.

Do Violet, double scented, 1s 6d. do.

His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s 6d. do.

Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft Pomatums, 1s per pot or roll. double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-Ball, 2s and 3s. each.

Very good common, 1s Camphor, 2s 3s. do.

Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with fine Shaving Soap, 2s each.

Smith's balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness and chops, and leaves them quite smooth, 2s. 4s. per box.

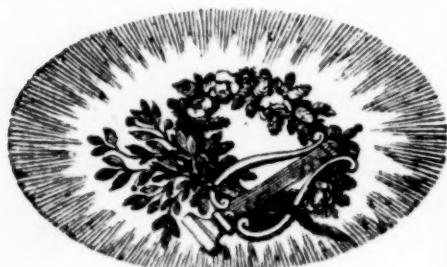
His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and comfortable. 3s and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums; warranted, 2s 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash Ball, far superior to any other for softening, beautifying and preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.

Great allowance to those who buy to sell again. May 24. 1806.



[Inserted by particular desire.]

LINES

TO MISS H***** M****,

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF AN ONLY
BROTHER, IN THE WEST-INDIES.

WHY, lovely mourner! wakes the sigh of grief?
And why that downcast look, and tearful eye?
Can friendship give to sorrow no relief,
Nor dry its tears, nor check its rising sigh?

But what has pow'r to soothe a sister's soul,
Whose only brother moulders in the clay?
Since waves of sorrow o'er each comfort roll,
And raptures cease around the heart to play?

The youth, ambitious, sought a sickly clime,
His hopes of profit banish'd all his fears;
His was the gen'rous wish of love divine,
To soothe a mother's cares, and dry her tears!

Delusive hope with flattering pencil drew
His safe return o'er ocean's rolling stream;
But soon the prospect faded from our view,
Hope disappeared, for death has shut the scene.

Clos'd are the eyes which beam'd with filial love,
The flush of health has faded from his cheek,
His tongue is mute, his pulse has ceas'd to move,
Each sense has fled, and friends are left to weep!

The father ne'er shall hail his son's return,
Nor mother fold him in her fond embrace;
Still shall affection live upon his urn,
And mem'ry oft past scenes of joy retrace.

Then dry those tears, and let not friendship fail
Its healing balm around thy heart to throw;
Could aught Philander's sympathy avail,
That lovely bosom ne'er a pang should know.

Cease every murmur...learn that God is just,
That what his providence directs, is right;
Altho' a brother he has laid in dust,
His power can clothe him with celestial light.

May this affliction prove the sister's gain,
Teach all her thoughts above this world to rise;
May she thro' grace, a christian hope obtain,
And meet at last, her saviour in the skies!

PHILANDER.

VARIETY.

Some friends of Philip of Macedon, having advised him to banish a man, who had spoken ill of him at Court, he replied, "By no means for that is the way to make him rail at me, where I am less known."

Being at another time importuned to punish the ingratitude of the Peloponnesians, for having hissed him at the Olympic games: "How will they serve me," replied he, "should I punish them, when they cannot forbear affronting me, after so many obligations?"

Epitaph on a Miser—By Roncalli.

Of Griphus here the sordid relics rest,
A man so fond of wealth, it is confess
He in his dying moments shed a tear
That gold should be expended for his bier.

A gentleman lately asking his friend what could be the reason that there were four times as many divorces now as there were a hundred years ago?—"For the very same reason," replied he, "as for there being four times as many bankrupts as formerly, we do four times the business, our ancestors did, and beside, divorces have now become fashionable, and the votaries to it will most likely encrease instead of the contrary."

The use of Coffee.

The use of Coffee is said to have originated as follows: A prior of a monastery, in the part of Arabia where this berry grows, having remarked that the goats who eat of it became extremely brisk and alert, resolved to try the experiment on his monks, of whom he so continually complained for their lethargic propensities. The experiment proved successful; and it is said, it was owing to this circumstance that the use of this Arabian berry came to be so universal.

Conjugal Affection, or Industry and Prudence.

MAN, to whom God Almighty granted the government of the earth, and all that is therein, to complete his happiness, added the greatest blessing he could possibly confer on him—an helpmate, a faith-

ful companion, a part of himself, not to be separated, but to be partaker of all his joys and cares. Should we not all endeavour to fulfil the good intentions of our creator; and be particularly careful to obey his commands; Man, that has a superior opportunity of improving his talents, is surely bound to exert himself in setting a good example, and in the care and protection of what is so immediately connected with himself, his better half, the loveliest part of bounteous nature's works.

As the part of industry particularly belongs to the man, I shall call him by that name: when he begins to engage in business, he will naturally look for a good wife; and on that choice, depends, in a great measure, his future success.

A WOMAN agreeable in person, of a mild, and amiable disposition, that will in her province be as industrious as himself; such a one I shall with pleasure call by the name of PRUDENCE: she will go hand in hand with her husband; she will partake in his good or bad success; she will advise him to have patience, perseverance, and economy, and assist him in every thing that will tend to their mutual happiness; she will be industrious in her family affairs; will at all times be ready, on her part, to do whatever may promote their present, or future welfare.

To please her husband, is her only care,
Nor prides herself in being rich or fair.

LIFE.

Alas! madam! who would wish for many years! What is it but to drag existence until our joys gradually expire and leave us in a night of misery, like the gloom, which blots out the stars one by one from the face of night, and leaves us without a ray of comfort in the howling waste!

THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS TWO DOLLARS
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THOSE WHO RECEIVE IT BY MAIL, TO PAY IN
ADVANCE.

PRINTED & PUBLISHED
BY JOHN CLOUGH,
NO 149 PEARL-STREET, NEAR THE
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